3: Rasmussen--46 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 765

"During the death taboo women may not sew nor do work of any kind. Seals caught during such a taboo, i. e. while the corpse is lying in the house, may be eaten, but the skin may only be used as dog feed and never for clothing of any kind.

nagte'jut: those who pass a certain time away, are also called sinigtaujut: those who must sleep a certain number of nights. Those who work on the body, i. e. dress it and take it to the ilofra, are called monArhijut; as a rule there are two for this work; they need not discard their clothing after monArhinEq."

3: Rasmussen--46 [3] (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 765

"As long as the monArhijut have not caught a seal they must not eat meat cooked in the pots of others. The first time the monArhijut catch a seal after having worked with a body they take the small pieces of blubber to their fellow villagers, who place them in the lamps. When going from house to house with these gifts they must always have a knife in their hand."

3: Rasmussen--46 [5] (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 765

"During a death taboo no one may comb his or her hair.

As soon as a body has been placed in the ilofra the mourners walk once round it in the direction of the sun. A year later the ilofra must be visited again, but this time they do not walk round it.

The first time a man catches a seal after having lost his wife he must take care that its bones are not broken by man or dog. The same applies if it is a caribou that is caught."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

Ikpuck's longing for a son. So their home life was complete.

Nevertheless the Tormiat woman disturbed Ice-house's peace of mind. She shrank from remaining in the same camp with her rival, and entreated Ikpuck to lead back our party to the Lake of Dancing. Ikpuck consulted me, and we agreed to depart on the morrow. The natives from the Great Sound joined us in a dance of farewell, and we started on the homeward march. The snow was melting everywhere, and the women, skirting the ridges, filled their bags with dryads to cook our evening meal. We wandered along like bees, sipping at every thimbleful of water that collected in the cracked soil. A few pink saxifrages were opening out their blossoms, and Lapland longspurs sang gaily all around. My companions laughed and chattered as, marching steadily, we re-entered the Colville Hills. But when we approached a knoll slightly higher than the others Ikpuck raised his voice and wept shrilly. Yonder, on its crest, lay the bleaching bones of his only brother who had died six years before; and of all his family he alone remained. The whole train wailed aloud in sympathy, the hills echoed their cries, and the frightened longspurs crouched silent in the moss. Slowly our gloomy procession trailed past the fatal site; but when it lay far behind us my companions ceased their wailing and filled the air again with cheerful laughter.